UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Critical Mindedness and Its Peril

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

In Egypt

By CURTIS W. REESE

The Reduction of Armaments

By HARRISON BROWN

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part V—Chapter XXXII

By M. K. GANDHI

VOLUME CIII | NUMBER 18

Chicago, July 1, 1929

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, EDITOR IN CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

UNITY Fellowship

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Poetry Editors

LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Managing Editor

EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GAFFNEY, St. Paul.
JEREMIAH LA. JONES, Janesville. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati.
J. G. LEARNED, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROGERS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
GEO. W. COOKE, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

Editorial Contributors

W. Waldemar W. Argow
Charles E. Beals
Percy M. Dawson
David Starr Jordan
Anna Garlin Spencer
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
James H. West

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—Charles Strong
AUSTRIA—Stefan Zweig
BULGARIA—P. M. Matthèeff
ENGLAND—Harrison Brown, Fred Hankinson, Walter Walsh
CANADA—Norman Stewart Dowd
FRANCE—G. Demartial, Romain Rolland
GERMANY—Theodor Hahn
INDIA—Rabindranath Tagore
ITALY—Dorothy Walton
JAPAN—Nobuichiro Imaoha
PALESTINE—Hans Kohn
RUSSIA—Alina Huebsch

UNITY PUBLISHING Co., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 15, 1928, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

SPECIAL

A New Series of "American Notes" By Sydney Strong

Dr. Strong has just crossed the continent, from New York to Seattle, and is writing up his impressions and experiences of the country today in a new series of his "American Notes," so popular with UNITY'S readers. These "Notes," will be continued on his later return to the East.

Sydney Strong is an incomparable reporter—shrewd, kindly, idealistic. This summer feature must not be missed.

Send in your subscription **now.**

$3.00 Per Year

Unity Publishing Company
700 Oakwood Boulevard Chicago

Contents

EDITORIAL— Page

Notes 275
Critical Mindedness and Its Peril—EDMUND B. CHAFFEE 277
Jottings—J. H. H. 279
Editorial Correspondence—In Egypt—CURTIS W. REESE 279

ARTICLES—

The Reduction of Armaments—HARRISON BROWN 281
Ramsay MacDonald on War and Armaments—An Interview with Edwin D. Mead in Boston *Transcript* 283
The Story of My Experiments with Truth—Part V, Chapter XXXII—M. K. GANDHI... 284

POETRY—

America Our Country—MARGUERITE EMILIO... 275
No Light for His Cap—RAYMOND KRESENSKY 282
A Hymn of Brotherhood—CARINE L. ROSE.... 285

THE STUDY TABLE—

New Books—FREDERICK STARR..... 285

THE FIELD—

Annual Report of UNITY Board—RUTH L. LEVINSON 287
Church Unity..... 288
International Fellowship of Reconciliation—Canada 288

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIII. MONDAY, JULY 1, 1929 NUMBER 18

AMERICA OUR COUNTRY

America, our country,
To us forever dear,
Before thee shines the vision
That led the pioneer.
He braved the stormy ocean,
He crossed the trackless plain,
To build in thee a homeland
Where liberty might reign.

America, our country,
Be true to that great plan
Of freedom, and of justice,
And brotherhood of man.
Be thine a friendly welcome,
In these thy prosperous years,
To those who, like the Pilgrims,
Are lonely pioneers.

America, our country,
Young giant of the west,
Thy power is in the vision
Toward which thy builders pressed.
May thou be never guilty
Of deeds of unjust might,
But make thy youthful vigor
A weapon for the right.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

With this number, UNITY enters upon its regular summer schedule of bi-weekly publication. Until the first of October next, in other words, this paper will appear only *every other week*. Originally established in our lean days as a measure of economy, this practise has now come to be a welcome custom to editors and readers alike in days when we scatter abroad in quest of change, and have our minds distracted by new interests and strange adventures. It may be announced that, during the summer, Gandhi's autobiography will be brought to its close. Plans for new features are being considered, and will be announced in due season. Meanwhile, other regular features will be continued, and the bi-weekly UNITY, enlarged on occasion during this period, kept to its own high standard of unique and important interest.

We like the picture of Herbert Hoover and Ramsay MacDonald sitting together in the White House in Washington, talking about disarmament and peace. These two men, without exception the two most powerful rulers in the world today, are both of them, we believe, seriously concerned about the preparedness situation, and sincerely desirous of doing something about it. MacDonald's sincerity in this matter is proved by his record, Hoover's by all that he has said and done since he became President. This is the first important point! The second is that America and Britain occupy together the strategic position for effective action in the great task of reducing armaments. Negatively speaking, the one biggest menace to the peace of the world, and therefore the one biggest obstacle in the way of getting rid of armies and navies, is the possibility of these two great imperial powers becoming rivals for political and economic supremacy in the international field. Positively speaking, the one biggest hope for durable peace is agreement between America and Britain in a policy of leadership toward disarmament and genuine renunciation of war, for as these two nations go, so goes the world. Nothing has been more disquieting in recent years than the steady drift toward rivalry and misunderstanding upon the part of these two great English-speaking peoples, thanks on the one hand to Coolidge's stupidity, and on the other hand to Austin Chamberlain's intransigence. Now Coolidge is out, owing to the natural workings of a beneficent Providence; Chamberlain is out, owing to an unprecedented uprising of the English voters; and their places are happily taken by two men who are at once intelligent and at the same time devoted to the best ideals of peace and brotherhood. Now let these two men get together face to face! No conjunction of twin planets could be more auspicious.

It is just as well to be honest with ourselves and confess for what they are the operations of the United States government and the Canadian bootleggers on the Detroit River. These operations are now reaching a stage of development which is attracting the attention and stirring the solicitude of two nations. Liquor, of

course, has been coming in over this border for years. America now proposes to stop it by such a blockade as will outdo even the blockade which has made rum-running so difficult and dangerous a pastime along the Atlantic seaboard. A great fleet of swift power-boats, armed with machine-guns, and manned with expert and determined federal officers, is to be placed upon the waters, and organized for ceaseless vigilance. Day and night these boats are to keep their watch, and let no liquor through if they can stop it. Vigor of this kind upon the part of government is to be met, of course, by equal vigor upon the part of the smugglers. They also are to launch a new fleet of vessels, swifter, if possible, than the government craft. They are organizing watch-stations at short intervals on the Canadian shore, to note any break in the police patrol, and rush contraband through upon the instant. Here also determined men will be enlisted, and guns numerous. The cost upon both sides will be heavy; but the bootleggers are the last to worry about this, as "otherwise respectable citizens", to quote President Hoover's pregnant phrase, will pay the lawless tariff, whatever it may be. Now all this, as we have said, should be seen for what it is. This, fellow-citizens, is *civil war*. The liquor traffic has declared war upon the government of the United States, and supporting these enemies of the republic are the tens of thousands of so-called respectable men and women who are determined to have their drinks, even though they have to destroy the nation, its laws and all its institutions, in order to get them. Such a spectacle is horrid and terrifying. We shrink from it, as William Lloyd Garrison shrank from the Civil War. But if the "wets", like the slave-holders, are determined to force the issue, so be it! The government crushed one rebellion, and it can crush another.

For stupid obstinacy, gross discourtesy, and sheer unchristian malice, commend us to the Boston architect, Winslow Warren, designer and builder of the Louvain Library. Our readers have not forgotten, we imagine, the unseemly brawl precipitated by this arrogant diehard when the Library, the gift of American donors, was presented to the university; all because the Belgian authorities, who had suffered and therefore could forgive, were unwilling to have the new building defaced by the hideous inscription, *"Furore Teutonico diruta, dono Americano restituta"* (Destroyed by German fury, restored by American generosity.) Mr. Warren was beaten in this encounter by men more kind and just than himself, and he retired from the field breathing from his nostrils a fury as fierce as any displayed by the 1914 invaders of the land. He was going to have his way, Belgians or no Belgians, just as the German war-lords in 1914 were going to go their way, Belgians or no Belgians. Now he has entered a suit in the Belgian courts for $55,600 damages, and an order forcing the authorities of Louvain University to restore and retain the hated inscription. We have heard of disgusting things in our time, but few things within memory at least as disgusting as this. The Belgians must rue the day when they accepted a gift from America which was obviously offered, so far as Winslow Warren is concerned, not so much to help the Belgians as to deride the Germans and blow the horn of Americans. If there were such a thing as divine justice in the world, this Library building would be taken down brick by brick, and sent back to these shores, with the request that it be set up here as a temple of perpetual hate, where heartless and black-livered Americans of the Warren type might worship their foul gods in ease and comfort. Failing this, let the structure stand where it is and as it is, that posterity may be reminded of the glory of Belgium, victor twice over a German enemy who sought to destroy her physically and an American enemy who sought to destroy her spiritually.

The armament situation in Denmark is of immense interest. It will be remembered that in 1924 a bill was introduced into the Danish Parliament calling for almost complete disarmament. This bill was passed by the lower house in March, 1926, but failed of passage in the Senate. Conservative opinion, as usual, was critical and afraid. Now, a few weeks ago, a new government was elected in Denmark, headed by M. Stauning, Socialist, and with M. Peter Munch, famous authority on the League of Nations, as Foreign Minister. This radical government is committeed to a reintroduction of the disarmament measure, calling this time for a complete abolition of the army and navy, reserving only a small constabulary force for purposes of public order. The Universities of War and Marine would disappear, and conscription for military service be ended. "The theory back of this bill," says the *News Bulletin* of the Foreign Policy Association (New York), "is that a nation which does not attempt to defend itself will not be attacked, and that it is folly for a nation as small as Denmark to attempt to defend itself by force of arms. Supporters of this view believe that the ultimate safety of all small nations must rest upon international guarantees." The significant thing about such faith as this, which is the faith of pacifists throughout the world, is that it applies to large nations quite as well as to small. Not accidental and local forces are at work here, but universal laws which, like the gravitation of the stars, hold everywhere and for all reality. Denmark, if she passes this proposed bill, and therewith strips herself of armament, will be doing more than merely act for herself. She will be leading the way of the nations into that new era of history already forecast by the Briand-Kellogg Treaty. The bill in question will be intro-

duced and debated in the Danish Parliament this fall. This event may well be more important than anything else now transpiring in the world.

A new play by Bernard Shaw is an event in this twentieth century as exciting as a new novel by Walter Scott in the nineteenth century and a new pamphlet by Voltaire in the eighteenth century. The comparison with Voltaire is irresistible. No man since the passing of the immortal Frenchman has wielded a pen with such effectiveness as this already immortal Irishman. Hence, when his latest drama, "The Apple Cart," was given its first performance in Warsaw, on June 14th last, a world audience was present, and despatches, like those from battlefields, were sent to newspapers in every land. In this new play Shaw seems to be true to his own inimitable self—to show through the device of ironic comedy the shams and horrors of contemporary life. Only, instead of going back to ancient times and writing an historical parable after the pattern of "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "St. Joan," or writing his own fables, as in "Arms and the Man" and "Heartbreak House," he has taken a leaf out of Wells's book and told a story of the future. Shaw tried this once in "Back To Methuselah," which was forward as well as back, but in this latter masterpiece he was stating a religion, not forecasting an age in terms of Wellsian idealism and reform. In "The Apple Cart," of course, the playwright makes everybody look ridiculous, especially our statesmen against whom are leveled his sharpest barbs of ridicule and scorn. It is evident that he regards all our contemporary governments as swindles, and our politicians as hypocrites when they are not out-and-out crooks. What to do about it, he does not say. Shaw has no constructive programs, like Mr. Wells. He is content to disclose our ills, and make us ridiculous enough in our own sight to act, lest we die of shame. The New York Theatre Guild will produce "The Apple Cart" this fall—and we shall see ourselves as Shaw sees us!

Now that the "talkie" has become firmly established in the "movie" theatres as the latest sensation of the hour, discussion is rife as to whether or not the "talkie" is going to survive. Is the sensation simply a passing fad, or is the "talkie," like the "movie" itself in its early days, destined to develop into a great and established institution? Upon this point we have no opinion, nor do we see how anybody else can have one. The data for prophecy simply does not exist, and one man's judgment, therefore, is as sound, or unsound, as another's. But if we must be doubtful on this question of the survival of the "talkie", we need not be doubtful at all on another related question, and that is that, if the "talkie" survives, the "movies" will *not!* Many people seem to regard the "talkie" as the next stage in the evolution of the "movie". It is nothing of the kind! The "movie", for all its silly uses, is a great new art —the one new art that has been developed by humanity in modern times. Originally a mere extension, or imitation, of the spoken drama, it has now uncovered a field of its own, and is revealing an art-form of limitless possibilities. If you doubt this, think of such a picture as "The Fall of St. Petersburg", or such a screen actor as Emil Jannings. Now comes the "talkie", not to extend the development of the "movie" in its own peculiar and wonderful field, but to swing it back again, in degeneration and reversion, to its old archaic days. However miraculous the mechanism of the "talkie", it is in its essence, and therefore can only be, a cheap, feeble, and intolerably stupid imitation of the spoken drama. In all its history, the theatre has seen nothing so inane as the "talkie" screen play. The "talkie" may have its uses—in news reels, for example—but as entertainment it means the death of the real "movie" on the one hand and of the real drama on the other.

Critical Mindedness and Its Peril

"'God's Name', shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith.
'Must we in all things look for the how and why and the wherefore?'" —*Longfellow's "Evangeline".*

We are justly proud of our universities and colleges. They are rightly emphasizing the critical spirit and the scientific method. Their students are taught to question all things and to suspend judgment. And this fits admirably into the mood of our age which is exceedingly skeptical of all that has been done and thought. The value of such a questioning attitude is quite apparent. It blasts the foundations of our complacent dogmatisms. It explodes our blighting superstitions. We owe much to our modern educators and their insistence upon critical mindedness. Yet in all this there lurks a danger, a danger all the more serious because so largely unrecognized. The danger is that much weighing and considering will destroy within us the desire and the power to act. The obvious purpose of education is to train human beings for the best and wisest action. The critical mindedness urged upon us is to help us find the most effective way. Too often

the actual result is the practical inability to act at all. Our critical faculty is so refined that we can see objections to any and every proposal. Our critical mindedness becomes self defeating. What began as a virtue ends in a vice. In too carefully analyzing alternatives we lose the ability to choose between them. All things seem equally good and—equally bad. We can get aroused about nothing. We become cynical of men and measures. We take our seats with the scornful. We lead no causes. We enroll under no banners.

This tendency has, of course, been greatly accelerated by the war. Multitudes were so thoroughly disillusioned by that tragic failure of their idealism that they have lost their moral passion for anything. And the most saddening part of it is that many so-called intellectual leaders apparently consider their vice a virtue. They glory in their "dispassionateness". They mistake sophistication for wisdom. They label a cynical attitude, "a scientific approach". Any enthusiasm for human betterment is looked upon with amusement if not with disdain. They exhaust themselves in an endless "search for the facts". They are ever searching but never coming to a knowledge of the truth. The result, of course, is disastrous. Our political life stagnates because so few believe that anything is worth doing now. It stagnates because so few of our intellectuals have the courage to face that terrible accusation, "You are a propagandist." Perhaps they see that Upton Sinclair cannot win the Pulitzer prize because his "Boston" reflects convictions. Most of us consider our communist brethren impossible but they have convictions which they are willing to battle for even to the death. They may adhere too rigidly to principles but at least they have principles which do evoke their allegiance. They do not end all their sentences on the rising inflection. Never can we have anything analogous to the British Labor Party until our political pioneers are willing to strive fearlessly to win adherents to their causes. Our political life needs men who will wage as effective war upon the autocratic control of our industry as John Brown and William Lloyd Garrison waged against slavery. It needs men who will hurl themselves as unreservedly against wrong as did Eugene Debs. Such men do not serve all their days on fact finding commissions.

In the religious realm there is the same need. Facts we must have but the last few decades have given us facts a-plenty. The preaching from our pulpits too often carries no weight because it has no burning passion behind it. Here our fundamentalists seem to have the better of our liberals. The liberals so often seem to lack drive. But why one should preach at all without any strong convictions is a mystery. Scientific research may have shaken the form of some of the great religious convictions, but the essential insights of the worth of man and his power to win through by adapting himself to the universe remain. The early disciples of Jesus would have made little headway against the Roman world had Paul or the other apostles replied to the query, "What must I do to be saved?" with a, "Well that is an interesting question—let us analyze it." The Roman world was won through the power of conviction. The mighty Hebrew prophets too, those ringing voices of social righteousness and brotherhood, have come down to us because they spoke with authority. As Amos phrased it, "The Lord God has spoken who can but prophesy?"

When we look for the causes of this moral laziness it is reasonable to believe that the new astronomy which has showed man his insignificance in space, evolution which has revealed to man his lowly origin, and modern psychology which has thrown the spotlight upon our motives have all had a part. We no longer seem important or noble. Yet a deeper and more effective cause of our disillusionment is found in the fact of our machine age. Everything is being done by machinery and man himself has become a tender of machines, a mere cog in the process. This has degraded us in our own eyes. Life seems to lose much of its purpose and meaning. This is probably the real cause of the mood of disillusionment which has settled down upon us. It is from this that arises most of the cynicism and indifference towards all efforts looking toward human betterment. Of course this does not entirely explain the unwillingness of our intellectuals to commit themselves to any causes but it does explain the popularity of this attitude.

Is there a way out of this situation, a situation which leads inevitably to individual callousness to wrong and ultimately to the decline of civilization itself? I believe there is. When once we realize the basic truth that this mood of disillusionment, this soul sickness is upon us not because of what the world really is but because of what we have done with it, we are well on the way to a cure. When once we see clearly that machines which we made to drive are really driving us our brains are keen enough to change the role. A realization that much of our spiritual weariness is generated by the machine and not by our astronomical or biological knowledge will enable us more accurately to appraise that knowledge. We shall then see clearly that significance does not depend upon size or worth upon origin. Moreover a deeper knowledge of physical science will restore in us the sense of wonder and awe so necessary for the soul's health. A more exact insight into our own minds will reveal the prime importance of a life unified and directed toward something outside of itself, something which will mold and fuse our warring impulse into a harmonious unity. And never was there a more challenging cause than that which faces us today, the struggle of humanity to free itself from the slavery of the machine. A real perception of this will shake us out of our spiritual ennui. Our educators must learn somehow to

teach us to look before and after, to the right and to the left without losing our ability to move at all. They must somehow find the technique of a critical mindedness which will not eradicate all possibility of deep convictions. Moreover, it is time we ceased being intimidated by our world weary intellectuals. It is time we took their effusions not as manifestations of wisdom but of decadence. It is time we welcomed once more the man who loses his petty self in the cause of humanity. Verily, he is needed today when a mechanized civilization threatens to stifle us altogether.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Jottings

Soviet Russia abandoned Prohibition some time ago, to the great jubilation of all "wets". Now the nation has found the resulting situation impossible, and has decided to return to Prohibition. It's the same old story! Prohibition at its worst is better than any other policy at its best.

Tension between Chili and Peru over the Tacna-Arica dispute has been greatly relieved, we are told, by popular interest in a big sporting contest between the two nations. What a pity that an international football game between France and Germany, or an international track meet between England and Austria, was not held in 1914!

It gave us a distinct shock to see a huge advertisement the other day proclaiming Professor Einstein's praise of the Knabe Piano. Now let Mr. Paderewski tell us what he thinks of relativity, and the balances will be even.

The founding by women of the new anti-W. C. T. U. society, reminds us of the founding by women years ago of the anti-woman suffrage society. This anti-woman suffrage organization came at just the time when the suffrage cause was on the eve of victory. It was the herald-sign of dawn. So with this anti-W. C. T. U. movement! It is the certain sign that the end of the "wet" campaign is near at hand.

Is America civilized? We are finding no way to settle the liquor question, as we found no way to settle the slavery question, except by shooting.

"Jottings" here rings down the curtain for the summer. Next appearance—October 7th!

J. H. H.

In Egypt

(Editorial Correspondence)

From Colombo we sailed on the President Hayes to Suez. Of especial interest to me were the days on the Red Sea. Each day increased my skepticism regarding the crossing of that body of water on dry ground; so when, in response to the purser's invitation, I conducted Sunday services, I thought it wise to refrain from all Biblical allusions. In fact, I read the Scripture Lesson from a compilation of the sayings of Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson. Then after praying "May America once more become the Champion of Liberty everywhere," I preached on the freedom of India. Following the service, an American-Scotchman came to me in much confusion of soul. He said that for thirty years he had held my opinions regarding the freedom of India, "But," he added, "you spoilt your address by saying that you felt the same way about the Philippines." Oh, consistency, thou art——!

We disembarked at Suez and crossed the desert to Cairo. This particular stretch of desert is a great disappointment, but later we found the desert much as we had dreamed—wide, rolling stretches of moon-kissed sand. In many respects, the newer sections of Cairo are replicas of Paris. The bazaar section is picturesque and the Arab shopkeepers and peddlers are good exercise in the game of chance—the odds being in favor of your paying from two to ten times the worth of beads, canes and bric-a-brac. Of especial interest, also, were the charming eyes of the Mohammedan women peering above the customary veils.

Our first evening in Cairo was devoted to the pyramids and the Sphinx, which lie six miles west of the city. The weather and the moon were perfect. Defying the swarm of guides, who clamored for employment, we surveyed those mighty monuments alone and had the thrill of discovering the Sphinx. As is known to everyone who has seen a guide-book, not to mention a history of Egypt, the greatest of these monuments is the Pyramid of Cheops, built 3000 years before Christ. Two million, three hundred thousand blocks of stone, each weighing two and one-half tons, went into its structure. It covers thirteen acres, is 481 feet high and 755 feet on each side. We walked around this massive pile, the distance being three-fifths of a mile. Another night was spent in tents out on the desert two miles beyond the pyramids. Arising before the break of dawn, we saw the moon fade away and the sun, from across the Nile, crown the pyramids and kiss the Sphinx.

We saw the usual sights around Cairo, including the Egyptian Museum, where is now the golden casket in which once slept King Tut-ankh-amen, the mummy itself, still remaining in the necropolis of the Theban capital.

Some fifteen miles from Cairo is the site of old

Memphis, where remain the mutilated statues of Rameses II and a recently discovered alabaster sphinx. Jeremiah predicted accurately when he said, "Memphis shall become a desert; she shall be forsaken and uninhabited." Some seven miles west of Memphis is the subterranean gallery a thousand feet long, with chambers containing the empty sarcophagi of the Apis-bulls, mute evidence of the spiritual inbecility to which the human race is capable of descending. These tombs, chiseled out of solid rock and weighing not less than sixty-five tons each, once contained the mummies of the sacred bulls. Twenty-four of them are still in position, while the twenty-fifth remains in the gallery where the workmen left it 3700 years ago. At first, one grows sympathetic with the ruler who decreed the end of the worship of the bulls, but his glory is somewhat dimmed when one remembers that he merely substituted the worship of a cat. Whether this was progress or degeneracy depends upon the location of the various forms of life in one's scale of values. Personally, I have never liked cats and, so, had I lived in the days of this theological revolution, I should have unhesitatingly lined up with the advocates of the orthodox worship.

In fact, I made a crusade in this connection. Somewhere I had heard that when these tombs were robbed following their discovery in 1851, a single mummy was left in the tombs and that it was later removed to the Egyptian Museum. Thither I went in quest of the sacred object. I simply asked, quietly, to be taken into its presence. The attendant, whom I addressed, seemed deeply impressed but was unable to direct me. He pointed out mummies of all sorts, but the sacred bull was not there. I approached another guide and after looking this way and that as if some mystery were involved, he bade me follow him. Upon reaching a storeroom, he pulled back a curtain and, lo, we saw the skeleton of a human being. He had misunderstood my inquiry. Then I met a man in a somewhat higher official position. He said he thought the mummy was there, but that it could be seen only by permit from the main office. Quickly we hastened to the main office. The man who had recently revised the index to the Museum made my case a special order of business but there was no sacred bull listed. I bought a special guide-book and borrowed another, but there was no trace of the bull. I then went on a special tour of inspection, but no sacred bull could I find. At last, almost totally exhausted, I emerged from the Museum only to find one of the officials anxiously inquiring of my friends, whom I had left behind in my quest, "Why on earth, is *that man* so interested in the sacred bull?" They did not know; neither did I. By this time, I was convinced that the Egyptian Museum did not contain the object of the crusade. Later, I told my story to an American, who, for thirty years, has run an antique store in Cairo. He confessed that he, himself, had once personally engaged in a similar quest and had finally located the mummy. Indeed he gave me specific direction. As I write this letter on the C. B. & Q., between Chicago and Galesburg, I have before me my little red book and on a certain page I find these words: mummy of the sacred bull, underneath stairway, New York Historical Society, Second and Ninth Streets, New York City. The trail grows hot and if New York contains that mummy, I expect to see it.

Time being somewhat at a premium, we were able to spend only one day in Luxor, the City on the site of old Thebes. It is a full night's run on the train from Cairo to Luxor, so we went one night, spent the day and returned the following night. But it was a day long to be remembered. Soon after arriving in Luxor, we crossed the Nile in a small boat and headed straight for the valley of the Tombs of the Kings and went directly to the mouth of the tomb of King Tut-ankh-amen, but, to our great disappointment, the tomb is open only three days each week and that day was not one of them. Would the guards, for a consideration, let us in? They would not, or rather could not, since the keys were safely in the hands of Mr. Carter, the well-known gentleman who is in charge of the excavations. Here was good fortune—we wanted to see Mr. Carter. In fact, we preferred his living form to the mummy of the King. We now had a perfect excuse for calling on Mr. Carter. To his home we went. He was not there, but somewhere in the Valley of the Tombs. Back to the Valley, and on the way, we met Mr. Carter. The road being narrow and winding, it was a simple matter to make necessary stopping of both cars. I approached Mr. Carter's car and told him briefly of our journey around the World, largely for the purpose of seeing the mummy of the famous king, that unfortunately we had only one day available, and would he unlock the tomb? He could not. But his refusal was gentle and more satisfactory than would have been an affirmative reply from a smaller man. Assuring him that I was confident that if he could, he would, we departed. We had seen and talked with the famous excavator; besides, the tombs are all very much alike, and we had already explored two of them! These tombs, hewn out of rock, have not been able to preserve intact their contents, for now the mummies are scattered in the museums of Europe and America.

Having done the tombs more quickly than is customary, we failed to make connections with our taxi, so we walked a good portion of the way from the valley to the Ramesseum, the mortuary chapel of Rameses II, where is the fallen colossus of the great king, said to be the largest statue ever cut from a single block of granite, its height being 57½ feet and its weight 800 tons. While walking across the burning sands and in the blazing sun, we spied, in the distance, the Colossi of Memnon, which date back 1500 B. C. and stand, pedestal and all, 65 feet high. Like that other silent sentinel at the foot of the pyramids, these Colossi face the dawn and keep watch over the Nile.

Back across the River to Luxor, luncheon at the lovely Winter Palace Hotel, then on to the ruins of the Temple of Luxor, where Rameses II spread himself all over the place, and three miles further the ruins of Karnak. Here certainly are ruins that rank among the most famous in the world. As we wandered through the ruins, I gave the guide a lecture on liberal religion. I suggested that perhaps Amon-Re and Jehovah and other terms were only different names for the same great God of all, but, in confidence, he assured me that "there is no other god but Allah."

Back on the night train to Cairo and the next night on to Jerusalem. But that is another story.

CURTIS W. REESE

The Reduction of Armaments

Mr. Borah has been reminding the world that there are more men under arms today, ten years after "the war to end war," than there were in 1914. But the military and naval experts of all countries continue to declare that their own particular nation has already disarmed to the utmost limit compatible with security.

The new Government in Denmark, however, having thrown out the reactionaries, is preparing to introduce a bill for the abolition of the Ministries of War and Marine, the abandonment of conscription and the demolition of existing fortifications. Denmark would retain only a constabulary force for policing the frontier and a few patrol vessels for inspection of fisheries. Nor would the young men be coaxed or bullied into Officers' Training Corps or Citizens' Military Training Camps. Whereat the London *Times,* struck by the contrast between this enlightened programme and that of its own Government, asks whether Denmark will be in a position to perform her obligations under the League Covenant! It is satisfactory to be able to relate that the London *Saturday Review,* also a Conservative paper, promptly denounces this attitude of the *Times* as "Nonsense, and hypocritical nonsense at that," since the British Tories and the *Times* have consistently opposed the development of sanctions schemes and the French reading of Article 16 of the League Covenant, not, of course, for any deep-rooted aversion to the exercise of force, but simply because they prefer to keep the exercise of force in their own hands. The *Times* must, indeed, have surpassed even its own record for hypocrisy in thus lecturing Denmark about the "interdependence among the nations of the world" and using the argument not to point the obvious moral of disarmament, but to warn her against a too great confidence in her neighbors.

Meantime, the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference has adjourned its proceedings and is unlikely to meet again until after the Assembly of the League in September. Except for Mr. Gibson's speech of 22nd April which has opened an avenue to naval disarmament, the Commission has failed again all along the line and there are grounds for Count Bernstorff's remark that it is in danger of developing into a society for mutual protection against disarmament. The conscription system retires unhurt—if, indeed, it has not been strengthened by the concessions of the British and American delegations, the utmost that could be done was to pass a resolution in favor of "limiting" (not of reducing) terms of compulsory military training. Suggestions that military budgets should be limited were thrown out, as also were resolutions tending to limit the amount of war material held in stock.

And yet Senator Borah is right when he says that unless there is a radical change in this state of things war will come again, and undoubtedly he speaks for the peoples of Europe when he says that the vast majority are against the swollen war chests. The annual cost to the United States of the State Department and the whole foreign service is less than half the cost of one of the fifteen cruisers recently voted. Britain annually pours down the drain of militarism over 300 times the sum she spends on the League of Nations in which she professes to believe, her armament bill is $570,000,000 and Garvin of the London *Observer,* who calls it "the most colossal anomaly in our financial records," is right when he says that the more we spend the less security we have. But it is very good for the prominent members of the Militarists Trade Union (international) and the peoples of France, Belgium, Jugo-Slavia, Italy, etc., are, of course, also paying more towards the cost of the preparations for the next orgy of murder.

Who is to blame? The politicians? Partly, no doubt, especially in those countries where the Old Men of the War still control policy. But the politicians are the middlemen standing between the peoples and the military experts and the question is whose will is to prevail, that of the professionals who live by the war system or that of the peoples whose destruction is threatened by it?

President Hoover, speaking through Mr. Gibson, has called for a common sense agreement on naval armaments based on the spirit of the Peace Pact. Translated into terms of practice this means that when the five great naval powers next get together to discuss the "drastic reduction" of their armaments spoken of by Mr. Gibson, the Admirals of all five nations must be relegated to their proper position of subordinates, they will be present at the Conference, but they will not have a voice at the conference table, their role must be that of technical experts in a subordinate capacity. They will not, as hitherto, speak through the mouths of the politicians subtly directing their policy, *they* will receive instructions this time and the instructions must be that, in arriving at their figures of what is necessary for the protection of their respective countries, they must not take any of the other conference powers into their calculations as possible opponents. This call from America to view the whole problem in a new light does not solve the technical questions, it would be an error to suppose that we can now dismiss the matter from our minds and leave it to the authorities to settle. But it would be a still greater mistake to underrate the importance of Mr. Gibson's speech. Since the whole problem of disarmament is a psychological rather than a technical problem it is of fundamental importance that for the first time the politicians are to base their policy on the intention of remaining friends with their neighbors instead of on the possibility of becoming enemies. Mr. Hoover had succeeded in bringing to the notice of the European Governments that to leave the professional militarists in control of disarmament schemes is no more likely to produce results than would the summoning of a conference of butchers in support of vegetarianism. It may be that the struggle is not yet won, the British Admiralty is naturally up in arms against such a revolutionary proposal, threatening, for the first time seriously, their time-honored strangle hold on British policy. But it is not too much to say that the success or failure of the next conference will depend upon whether Mr. Hoover's demand that it shall be based upon the Peace Pact is followed or not. Failure will be disastrous, either for the politicians who allow it to come about or for the peoples who allow their leaders to get away with the failure.

Supposing that success attends their efforts and that an agreement is reached for the reduction of

navies, say, by non-replacement of obsolete vessels of all classes, how shall we stand? The answer is that we shall be faced by precisely the same situation as regards land and air and chemical armaments and their "experts."

On land the French General Staff is in much the same position of control of policy as is the British Admiralty at sea. Not only does it to a large extent govern the foreign policy of France, but its influence stretches to the policies of the five countries with which it has military alliances, and it adroitly exploits the diplomatic rivalry existing between France and Italy. France today has both a large professional army and compulsory military training, which latter gives her an enormous number of "trained reserves." Coupled with the refusal to limit war stocks or military budgets the existence of these reserves enables France and her Allies to put into the field a force of from six to eight million men. Germany, on the other hand, is forbidden by the Treaty of Versailles to have conscription, she cannot, therefore, have any trained reserves, her standing army is reduced by the Treaty to 100,000 men enlisted voluntarily for 12 consecutive years. But France is unwilling even to include the trained reserves in the counting of the effectives on which the strength of armies shall be based! M. Paul-Boncour (that Millerand in the making) claims that these reserves are not really soldiers, but are simply a "potential of war" similar to the British mercantile marine or the German chemical experts. It is to this preposterous claim of the French militarists that Lord Cushendun and now Mr. Gibson have bowed, both declaring that their views as to the principle of conscription have not changed, but that for the sake of "progress" they will not oppose the French thesis.

Much has already been written about the British concession, it was part of the bargain of the Anglo-French compromise and although the compromise itself has been scrapped, Lord Cushendun warned us months ago that it was unlikely that the British Government would revert to its own view on the matter of trained reserves. (This, no doubt, is evidence of that "independent policy" which that most fatuous of Foreign Secretaries, Sir Austin Chamberlain, assures us he has followed.)

But the reason for the American concession is not clear. It would appear that Mr. Gibson expects in return some concession from the military powers. But is he thinking primarily in terms of naval agreement and hoping by the concession to the land powers to obtain a comprehensive settlement covering submarines and destroyers? This reasoning would mean that he considers that, if naval agreement is reached, the problem of peace will be so far solved that the United States could afford to wash its hands of interest in land armaments.

In spite of the importance of naval agreement that is a view which must arouse the gravest misgivings. For supposing that the five naval powers do reach a comprehensive settlement and that real disarmament on sea is begun in spite of the Admirals, Germany will still be faced by the ring of steel on land and she will still be justified in saying to France and her allies "Unless you, too, disarm on land we shall tire of your professions of amity tendered from behind your loaded weapons and, if Europe continues to remain divided into victors and vanquished nations, there will sooner or later again be war." Germany has, after all, made both concessions and overtures for reconciliation which have too often been met by insult in the French press and the world is justified in reminding France that it takes two to make a friendship and that her own Government's record is not so innocent as the guilty Poincaré would have us believe. Mr. Hoover is doubtless right in considering that Anglo-American agreement on the sea is the first essential to peace and that general naval disarmament comes next, but, since he is interested in world peace, it may be asked whether an American concession to the conscription system was necessary or even politic, for, if it was hoped that by ceasing to press the conscription countries for abolition they would voluntarily concede reductions, it must be confessed that the chances are slender.

Armaments cannot be divided into sections some of which can safely be left intact whilst others are reduced, peace depends upon the defeat of the militarists as well as of the navalists and it is not merely battleships which are "relics of another age." In the present period of armed peace we have the conscription system amongst the victor nations and compulsory non-conscription in the defeated nations, the two systems are incompatible and if conscription is not abolished in the first it will sooner or later return to the second—and that will mean war.

Both the British and American Delegations have emphatically stated that they are under no moral obligation to maintain their "concessions" and it is much to be hoped that as soon as the naval problem is solved they will reconsider their responsibility towards the matter of land disarmament. And they will be in an excellent position to do so for, having made a beginning themselves upon the sea, what could be more logical than to demand that the land powers use the same talisman, the Peace Pact, as the basis for their arguments against their military staffs?

It seems improbable that the French Etat Major and its clientele could long stand the position of moral isolation into which they would be put by the combined pressure of the United States, Britain, Holland, Germany and the Scandinavian Powers, to say nothing of the growing unpopularity of conscription in France itself.

HARRISON BROWN.

No Light for His Cap

(For a revolutionist)

Down through the shaft the miners go
In search of metal far below,
A carbon lamp pinned on their caps
To light the way among the traps
And labyrinths. With pick and drill
They dig for hidden ore, and still
When they come up they have no light
For their way, but to dynamite
Through stones of fact and circumstance.
Is there no power wisdom grants
To these, the carbon glow of light
Instead of booming dynamite?

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

Ramsay MacDonald on War and Armaments

[An Interview with Edwin D. Mead, in the Boston *Transcript,* June 4th last.]

The closest personal friends in Boston of Ramsay MacDonald, now premier of England, are probably Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Mead. Their friendship dates back thirty years, to a time before the beginning of Mr. MacDonald's public life; and throughout his political career their relations have always been intimate and sympathetic. They had important conferences with him in London in 1914, on the outbreak of the war, and they last visited him during their stay in England in the summer of 1927. At their Brookline home, to which they have just returned from a three months' speaking tour on the Pacific coast in the interest of international friendship, the representative of the *Transcript* today found them deeply gratified over the result of the English election. They had cabled their congratulations to Mr. MacDonald, hailing his victory as a new pledge of world brotherhood and peace; and they looked forward to his administration with high hope and confidence, emphasizing its international significance.

"It is an auspicious coincidence," said Mr. Mead, "that MacDonald's victory and President Hoover's noble Memorial Day address, urging our people to take their peace obligations more seriously and take a stronger leadership in the cutting down of the great naval armaments, should come at the same hour; literally on the same day. MacDonald's persistent and commanding word throughout the campaign has been that England must take far more radical action for the reduction of naval armaments and that she must especially co-operate with the United States for such a new naval policy as will put a stop to naval rivalry and make the sea forever the high-road of peace for all the world. Mr. MacDonald is in dead earnest in this matter, has been laying chief emphasis upon it in his speeches for the last three years; and if we meet him half way, as Mr. Hoover's brave and prophetic utterance assures us that we shall, a new era is at hand. In this urgent matter there is nothing which the combined action of Great Britain and the United States cannot effect."

* * *

Mr. Mead directed attention to Mr. MacDonald's words on Saturday showing that he is in no way satisfied with what the present English Government is doing to advance the international peace status, but demands distinctly more radical action. "The way they broke the development of my foreign policy in 1924," MacDonald said, "is a thing that ought not to happen again. I was only able to start it and then leave it to others to develop. They did that with regard to Locarno and the admission of Germany to the League of Nations, and then the whole of the policy was dropped."

Mr. Mead felt no concern about the intimation in some newspapers that Lloyd George might throw the Liberal party into a coalition with the Conservatives, thus making it impossible for MacDonald to form a Government. "It can't be done," he said, "I don't think Lloyd George entertains any such idea; and if he does, his party wouldn't follow him. The points on which the Liberal and Labor parties agree are vastly more important than those on which they disagree. In fact, they agree on almost every really fundamental issue; and they will work out the necessary co-operation somehow. Concerning the drastic reduction of armaments, Lloyd George has been more vehement during the campaign than MacDonald himself, arraigning especially the awful cost. In his recent great speech at the Albert Hall meeting he pointed out scathingly the fact that while Great Britain is spending one million pounds a year for peace purposes, she is spending 114 millions for the mechanism of slaughter and other war costs, and he demanded a summary stop to this policy. Mr. Mellon, speaking in the same strain, has just been telling us here that 82 per cent of our whole national revenue is going to pay for the cost of past war and the preparation for possible war. England is sick of this; and the reception of Mr. Hoover's Memorial Day address shows, I think, that our people are sick of it. War is the great robber. Only through the abolition of war can come the abolition of poverty. The world's resources, the resources at any rate of the United States and England, are adequate for the welfare of their people if properly conserved and applied; but they are wasted on war budgets, now unnecessary if we are honest in our pledge to renounce war and settle all disputes by pacific means."

* * *

"Nobody," said Mr. Mead, "need fear any wildcat schemes from Ramsay MacDonald because his party is called a Socialist party. He is one of the safest and sanest of men. His mind is as conservative and careful as it is radical and resolute. But radical it is; and he and his associates are resolved that such economic evils and inequalities in England as can be politically controlled shall be stopped. The saddest thing in this world is precisely the spectacle of a man who will do honest work for honest wage and cannot get work. In permitting any widespread idleness, society does the worst thing for itself that can possibly be permitted. If in the process of transition to better things in England privilege and prosperity have to pay a high tax, then they must do it. They can stop it any time they please by refusing to let big navies and the war system rob them longer. I greatly misunderstand Ramsay MacDonald, and I greatly misunderstand Herbert Hoover, if their administrations do not mark a revolution in this whole matter in Britain and America."

The circumstances of their first meeting with Mr. MacDonald were pleasantly recalled by Mr. and Mrs. Mead. It was at the beginning of 1899, a few months before the first Hague Conference. MacDonald came to Boston with an introduction from William T. Stead, who was working hard through his little paper, "War Against War," to stir up English interest in the approaching Conference. MacDonald, a handsome young Scotchman of twenty-four, was one of Stead's zealous lieutenants, and he came to confer with the American workers, to promote cooperation. Mr. Mead took him to dinner at his Pinckney street house, and all spent the evening in earnest conversation. "We little divined," said Mr. Mead, "that we were entertaining a future prime minister of England." Mr. and Mrs. Mead were members of Dr. Hale's church, and Dr. Hale at once became interested in MacDonald and arranged a fine meeting for him at the church.

* * *

At the outbreak of the war, in 1914, Mr. and Mrs.

Mead were in Europe, and had important conferences with MacDonald in London. Mr. Mead spoke of walking with him for an hour on the Parliament House Terrace by the Thames, after England had entered the war. Lord Morley and John Burns had resigned from the Cabinet because they could not sanction the war; and MacDonald, then a member of Parliament, was deeply agitated. He too, thoroughly disapproved of the war, and knew that he could not long continue to hold his seat.

"I would not venture," said Mr. Mead, "to quote him; but I do not forget what he said. He believed the English Government and people were quite mistaken about the European situation. He believed that it would neither serve the interest of England nor the welfare of the world for England to go into the war. He believed that the emphasis in London at the time upon the significance of Germany's invasion of Belgium, which of course he condemned, was wildly exaggerated; he was sure that the English Government would in the emergency have gone to the assistance of France, Belgium or no Belgium. He especially hated the idea of England going into partnership with Czarist Russia; and he felt that the policies and ambitions of Germany so far as they affected England or menaced Europe, were grossly misconceived. He couldn't stand for the war. Of course he was dropped from Parliament presently, and had to mark time until the fever was over. But England knows honest men and strong leaders. He was sent back to Parliament; he became prime minister; and now he becomes prime minister again, with his party holding more seats than any other.

"Who was right in 1914?" asked Mr. Mead. "Was it the English ministers or was it John Morley and Ramsay MacDonald? Every one of the three responsible English ministers of 1914—Asquith, Lloyd George and Lord Grey—has since the war publicly declared that in 1914 he misunderstood the European situation. Read especially Lord Grey's memoirs and particularly the introduction to the last edition. The nations, as Lloyd George now says, 'all staggered and stumbled into it,' and he thought it might all have been prevented by discussion.

"That is a frightful confession," said Mr. Mead, "after ten million fine fellows have been slain, and two hundred billion dollars thrown away, which might have been devoted to the welfare of struggling mankind. Can we afford to continue in such mistakes? Ramsay MacDonald says we cannot. Herbert Hoover says we cannot. I believe the people of England and America stand behind their prime minister and President."

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART V—CHAPTER XXXII

That Memorable Week!

II

So I went to the Commissioner, Mr. Griffith's office. All about the staircase leading to the office I saw soldiers armed *cap-a-pie,* as though for military action. The verandah was all astir. When I was admitted to the office I saw Mr. Bowring sitting with Mr. Griffith.

I described to the Commissioner the scenes I had witnessed. He replied briefly: "I did not want the procession to proceed to the Fort as a disturbance was inevitable there. And as I saw that the people would not listen to persuasion I could not help ordering the mounted police to charge through the crowd."

"But," said I, "you knew what the consequences must be. The horses were bound to trample on the people. I think it was quite unnecessary to send that contingent of mounted men."

"You cannot judge that," said Mr. Griffith. "We police officers know better than you the effect of your teaching on the people. If we do not start with drastic measures, the situation would pass out of our hands. I tell you that the people are sure to go out of your control. Disobedience of law will quickly appeal to them, it is beyond them to understand the duty of keeping peaceful. I have no doubt about your intentions, but the people will not understand them. They will follow their natural instinct."

"It is there that I join issue with you," I replied. "The people are not by nature violent but peaceful."

And thus we argued at length. Ultimately Mr. Griffith said, "But suppose you are convinced that your teaching has been lost on the people, what would you do?"

"I should suspend civil disobedience if I was so convinced."

"What do you mean? You told Mr. Bowring that you would proceed to the Punjab the moment you were released."

"Yes, I wanted to do so by the next available train. But it is out of the question today."

"If you will be patient, the conviction is sure to grow on you. Do you know what is happening in Ahmedabad? and what has happened in Amritsar? People have everywhere gone nearly mad. In fact I am not yet in possession of all the facts. The telegraph wires have been cut in some places. I put it to you that the responsibility for all these disturbances lies on you."

"I assure you I should readily take it upon myself wherever I discovered it. But I should be deeply pained and surprised if I found that there were disturbances in Ahmedabad. I cannot answer for Amritsar. I have never been there, no one knows me there. But even about the Punjab I know this certainly that had not the Punjab Government prevented my entry into the Punjab I should have been considerably helpful in keeping the peace there. By preventing me they gave the people unnecessary provocation."

And so we argued on and on. It was impossible for us to agree. I told him that I intended to address a meeting on Chowpati and to ask the people to keep the peace and took leave of him. The meeting was held on the Chowpati sands. I spoke at length on the duty of non-violence and on the limitations of Satyagraha and said: "Satyagraha is essentially a weapon of the truthful. A Satygrahi is pledged to non-violence

and unless people observe it in thought, word and deed I cannot offer mass Satyagraha."

Anasuyaben too had received news of disturbances in Ahmedabad. Some one had spread a rumour that she also had been arrested. The mill hands had gone mad over her rumoured arrest, struck work and committed acts of violence, and a sergeant had been done to death.

I proceeded to Ahmedabad. I learned that an attempt had been made to pull up the rails near the Nadiad railway station, that a Government officer had been murdered in Viramgam and that Ahmedabad was under martial law. The people were terror-stricken. They had indulged in acts of violence and were being made to pay for them with interest.

A police officer was waiting at the station to escort me to Mr. Pratt, the Commissioner. I found him in a state of rage. I spoke to him gently and expressed my regret for the disturbances. I suggested that martial law was unnecessary and declared my readiness to cooperate in all efforts to restore peace. I asked for permission to hold a public meeting on the grounds of the Sabarmati Ashram. The proposal appealed to him and the meeting was held I think on Sunday, the 13th of April, and martial law was withdrawn the same day or the day after. Addressing the meeting I tried to bring home to the people the sense of their wrong, declared a penitential fast of three days for myself and appealed to the people to go on a similar fast for a day and suggested to those who had been guilty of acts of violence to confess their guilt.

I saw my duty as clear as daylight. It was unbearable for me to find that the laborers amongst whom I had spent a good deal of my time, whom I had served and from whom I had expected better things, had taken part in the riots, and I felt I was a sharer in their guilt.

Just as I suggested to the people to confess their guilt I suggested to the Government to condone the crimes. Neither accepted my suggestion.

The late Sir Ramanbhai and other citizens of Ahmedabad came to me with an appeal to suspend Satyagraha. The appeal was needless, for I had already made up my mind to suspend Satyagraha so long as the people had not learned the lesson of peace. The friends went away happy.

There were, however, others who were unhappy over the decision. They felt that if I expected peace everywhere and regarded it as a condition precedent to launching Satyagraha, mass Satyagraha would be an impossibility. I was sorry to disagree with them. If those, amongst whom I worked, and whom I expected to be prepared for non-violence and self-suffering, could not be non-violent, Satyagraha was certainly impossible. I was firmly of opinion that those who wanted to lead the people to Satyagraha ought to be able to keep the people within the limited non-violence expected of them. I hold the same opinion even today.

M. K. GRANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahedeo Desai*)

A Hymn of Brotherhood

A rising tide of voices
  Is calling loud and clear:
"We'll trust no more in warfare,
  Nor fill the world with fear;
We'll build for coming ages,
  We'll work for peace and good,
With glowing hearts erecting
  The Church of Brotherhood."

The God of all is leading
  His people to the light,
The clouds of hate are passing
  As day succeeds the night.

The flag of all the people
  Will be the flag of peace,
And Brotherhood triumphant
  Will crown the world's increase.

No more shall war divide us,
  Great peace shall be our guide,
With all the world united,
  We'll rise to heights untried.
From earth to empyrean,
  Again and yet again
Will ring the angel's carol
  Of peace, good-will to men.

CARINE L. ROSE.

The Study Table

New Books

Some years ago we had the privilege of reading and reviewing "India and Its Faiths," by James Bissett Pratt. It was a book of such value, written with such sympathy and breadth of judgment, that it predisposed us to welcome the author's new book, "The Pilgrimage of Buddhism,"[1] with exceptional warmth. Nor have we been disappointed. No one who is interested in religion or philosophy can afford to overlook it. It is scholarly, but there is in it no repellent exhibition of erudition. The word pilgrimage in the title has a double application. First: the book traces the development and spread of Buddhism from its beginning in India outward over the whole of the Far East; secondly: it traces the author's own personal pilgrimage from India into Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, Cambodia, China, Korea and Japan. He visited the sacred places where the Buddha was born, lived, taught and died. He sketches the life and character of the great teacher; traces the propaganda and spread of the religion; shows how it has grown, changed and developed in different lands. He does indeed—and intentionally—omit the Buddhism of Tibet, Nepal and Mongolia. He says:

> The form of religion which prevails in these lands is so mixed with non-Buddhist elements that I hesitate to call it Buddhism at all. At any rate if I was to give a unified notion of Buddhism, it seemed to me necessary to confine myself to the Hinayana and Mahayana.

Pratt has tried to see and to judge Buddhism as it lives today, a religion and a philosophy. He has visited temples and monasteries, has conversed and discussed with priests and monks. He has been desperately in earnest to find to what degree it is a vital faith and built upon foundations. He has considered the problem of the contrast between southern, Hinayana, Buddhism (of India, Ceylon, Burmah, Siam) and northern, Mahayana Buddhism (of China and Japan). He raises

1. The Pilgrimage of Buddhism and a Buddhist Pilgrimage. James Bissett Pratt. New York: 1928. The Macmillan Co. 8 vo., pp. xii. 758. Price $3.00.

the question whether the two can really be included under one name, whether there is a unity of Buddhism. It is impossible to touch in detail upon the topics and questions considered—many of them of vast interest and importance. Professor Pratt finds many prevalent ideas of students, serious students, quite at variance with his facts. For instance he does not believe that Buddhism ends in a bleak pessimism, as so many have claimed. The greatest value of his book is its demonstration that Buddhism is still a vital force in several countries. In Siam and in Japan it has deep roots and much life. In Cambodia and China it is less of a real power. At the end of his lay pilgrimage Professor Pratt is not in favor of the destruction and replacement of Buddhism by Christianity. He says:

> There are four possible relations that the two religions may hold to each other in the future. They may, namely, continue in the state of mutual warfare which to a considerable extent characterize them today. Secondly, one of them may succeed in destroying the other. Thirdly, they might *conceivably* coalesce. Or, finally, they might tacitly agree to settle down and live side by side, as partners, perhaps, in a common business, as friendly rivals, possibly, but not as foes. As the reader may have guessed, this last is in my opinion the consummation most devoutly to be wished.

There are a good many typographical errors in the book, most of them apparently due to dictation to a stenographer. Such errors as ear-mourned (for ear-mound) are such. Possibly the error twice made in referring to Doctor Holton (Holtom) is one of the same sort.

It is well for us to emphasize the contacts of the past. Few realize how through the centuries men were coming and going between East and West. To Kyong-ju, capital of the kingdom of Sylla, traders and men of letters journeyed from China and Japan, from India and Persia, probably from Turkestan and Arabia. Who knows today of Kyong-ju and its period of grandeur? There were early trade routes from China to Europe; artisans must have gone in troops from Greece to India. Trade, religion, labor demand, curiosity, war, caused ceaseless movement to and fro. How many intelligent readers know anything of the details? The story of Marco Polo has indeed been quite in vogue of late, and many of us have some vague idea of the famous Venetian's journeys and adventures. *He* left a written record; most of the thousands who wandered back and forth left nothing, or if they did it has been lost. It is, however, a mistake to think of Marco Polo as the only source of information regarding the wonders of the East and the marvels of the realm of the Great Khan. Several records of about the same time and descriptive of the same lands are extant. They have been studied, commented and printed and have been available to special students. In "Contemporaries of Marco Polo,"[2] four of these old records have been brought together and issued in a single volume for ordinary readers. The editing has been done by Manuel Komroff, who has already issued a popular edition of Marco Polo. The records brought together are those of William of Rubruck (1253-1255 A. D.), John of Carpini (1245-1247), Odoric (1318-1330) and Benjamin of Tudela (1160-1173). Three of these authors were Catholic friars; Benjamin of Tudela was a Jewish rabbi. All the narratives are well worth while, but that of Benjamin of Tudela would be creditable to a present-day scientific traveller. The contrast between him and the good brothers in the matter of credulity is striking and to *his* credit. One of the interesting features of these records is the way in which the travellers found race-brothers and co-religionists in every part of their long journeys. Benjamin of Tudela almost makes a census of the Jews within the regions through which he journeyed. We shall not go into details. Go to the book for them. They are interesting.

It is impossible to over-emphasize the importance of anthropology to the understanding of the conditions, and problems of human life. A knowledge of the science of man would seem to be essential to all who have to deal with human beings—teachers, physicians, lawyers, clergymen, politicians, reformers. Yet comparatively few of these really know what anthropology is. Doctor Boas begins the book before us, "Anthropology and Modern Life"[3] by saying:

> Anthropology is often considered a collection of curious facts, telling about the peculiar appearance of exotic people and describing their strange customs and beliefs. It is looked at as an entertaining diversion, apparently without any bearing upon the conduct of life of civilized communities.

Your reviewer almost caused an excitement when he stated to an anxiously inquiring reporter that the anthropologist was as much interested in the students of the University of Washington as he was in Eskimo, in microcephalic idiots or in gorillas. Doctor Boas insists that our science has a much wider scope than popular opinion grants it; that it "illuminates the social processes of our own times and may show us, if we are ready to listen to its teachings, what to do and what to avoid." After defining anthropology, our author considers the problem of race, the interrelation of races, nationalism, eugenics, criminology, stability of culture, education, modern civilization and primitive culture. The anthropologist busies himself with each and all of these and his discussion of these topics has a very practical and significant value at the present time. What Doctor Boas has to say is always important. In the present book he seems to be over-cautious and critical. Though he practically demonstrates that there is no such thing as race, or even type, he continues to use the words much as any other writer would. His nearest approach to a positive statement is his denial of Nordic claims to superiority. This is to be expected from him, but even here his statement is negative—others have not been proved to be inferior. This over-caution, this scrupulous avoidance of saying anything is a disappointment. There is, of course, far too much loose talk and rash assertion, not only in anthropology but in the other sciences of the day. One can but approve restraint, but it is depressing to have a man so hesitant about committing himself to any conclusions. The book, however, deserves a wide and careful reading. "Practical men" particularly should profit from its study.

Africa looms ever larger. It can no longer be ignored, no longer dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. Some of the world's serious danger points are in the Dark Continent. Great problems are developing there. Perhaps the whole theory of colonization is having a final test in its partitioned area. A hint of developing realization of its significance is found in the two Phelps-Stokes Educational Commissions sent to study the problem of African education in the field. The survey of conditions made by Professor Buell, the great report of which was recently reviewed

2. **Contemporaries of Marco Polo.** Edited by Manuel Komroff. New York: 1928. Boni and Liveright. 8 vo., pp. xxv. 358. Price $3.50.

3. **Anthropology and Modern Life.** Franz Boas. New York: 1928. W. W. Norton & Co. 8 vo., pp. 246. Price $3.00

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

ANNUAL REPORT OF UNITY BOARD

By Mrs. Ruth L. Levinson, *Pres.*

Another year has come and gone, a momentous one in our history. On February 29th last, we celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Unity. But it was more than a celebration; it was a milestone in a long journey, begun fifty years ago by Jenkin Lloyd Jones when liberal papers were few and tolerance of liberal ideas much less prevalent than it is today. There is something in a milestone to make us pause and look backward over the years. As we contemplate the years that are gone we feel a sense of sadness, and yet if an institution has principles at heart, as Unity has, those principles have an eternal quality which becomes a part of the institution and through these principles and ideals it goes on triumphantly long after individuals associated with it are gone to their rest. There is that quality of courage and spiritual leadership which Mr. Jones imparted to Unity, of love of freedom and fellowship that characterized it during his life and are among its deathless qualities. Innumerable testimonials came pouring in, written in the spirit of gratitude and love and appreciation, showing that the many men and women engaged in various occupations in the four corners of the globe "rallied as by a great impulse around the shrine of this great prophet of love and brotherhood and peace who had blessed their lives." It was indeed a memorable occasion and those of us who were fortunate enough to be present at the dinner felt that truly Mr. Jones' spirit came and sat with us while we supped, and mingled with us while we talked of our gratitude for the past and our high hopes for the future of Unity.

We have tried very hard to increase our endowment. When the original sum of $30,000.00 was raised before the war in the hope of putting Unity on so firm a basis that in the years to come its perpetuity would be assured, that sum seemed quite sufficient for that end. And for a time it was. But with the economic changes that have come in these years since the war, with the cost of printing trebled and all other expenses multiplied, this has been quite insufficient. So we have, in this, our fiftieth anniversary year, attempted to raise another $100,000.00 as an addition to our endowment fund. Of this amount we have raised and are now receiving interest on $47,611.00,* which has helped materially to end the year without too much red ink. We are still hopeful of reaching the goal of $100,000.00, and will be most grateful to any one of you who will either give us money or suggestions as to how we can raise it. We feel that this is the psychological time and having set ourselves the task, refuse to relax our efforts until we have attained the desired end.

We are anxious also to increase our circulation. Unity goes into almost every State in the Union and practically every country of the globe. Our subscription list ought to be much larger than it is, although in respect of quality of its readers, it is second to none. I want to read you an extract from a letter which came to us yesterday from the historic town of Rouen, France. It was written by a French woman, a teacher of English in the public schools of Rouen. She writes regarding the Kellogg Pact:

"Things moved very fast during the first six months, didn't they? No wonder that they have been standing still, ever since. Here in France, public opinion was certainly not prepared to that great move of Secretary Kellogg. So during the spring and summer I was asked to give lectures in many places: Women's Suffrage Societies, Societies for the League of Nations, Socialists' meetings, even Masonic Lodges, and had to explain the genesis of the whole thing, going back to your original plan in 1918.

"Thanks to that splendid paper Unity, which you so kindly sent to me, I could refute all objections about American imperialism, and show people, proofs in hand, that all Americans are not militarists, and that in your own country there are people who object to the very same things we object to. Thus I could do my bit.

"But, dear me, there is still much to be done, for people are often very prejudiced, or at least unable to get out of their ruts and think new ways and means. Still we must not despair, for, as the saying is, Rome wasn't built in a day."

So Unity carries its message across the sea.

Our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Holmes, is now on the high seas on his way to the

*In January, 1929.

---

in Unity is symptomatic of threatening dangers. Meetings of negroes from all parts of the world for discussions of their race questions and interests and such a gathering as the great Missionary Conference in Belgium in 1928 deserve serious consideration. With this awakening consciousness of Africa's present importance and of her vastly greater future significance, comes the appreciation of the fact that Africa, after all, has a history, that there have been days of greatness, and even worthy leaders. At last it begins to be recognized that there have been, there are, *eminent* Africans, who will bear comparison with the eminent men of other continents and other races. Two recent books deal with outstanding Africans. Both are by Miss Georgina A. Gollack, an Englishwoman. She was a member of the editorial staff of the *International Review of Missions* from its establishment up to 1927. She remains actively interested in the work of various mission organizations. She collaborated with Thomas Jesse Jones in preparing the report of the second Phelps-Stokes Commission. She has been in contact with the more important workers, both white and black, in the various present movements. Her "Sons of Africa"[4] is intended for use in the Mission Education Movement. It scarcely touches the far past. It deals with military leaders, rulers, founders of nations, statesmen, religious leaders, teachers, editors, of the last hundred years—black men who have attained to positions of influence in the face of serious handicap. The author has sympathy and appreciation; she tells an interesting story and expects greatness in the future surpassing that of the past. That she stresses the achievement of converts, that the book deals mostly with good Christians, is natural in view of the author's experience and opportunity. To some degree, it is inherent in the situation. The time will come when African eminence will be recognized and admitted outside of mission teachers, preachers, canons and bishops. Meantime it is a fine thing to have this tribute prepared and presented. "Lives of Eminent Africans"[5] is a smaller book, dealing largely with the same persons, but in simpler style. It is intended primarily for African school children, as a reader or history. It is intended to arouse and justify appreciation and pride for the great men of the race. In writing down to the child mind and race sentiment Miss Gollack goes rather heavily to the goody-goody and the moralities, but the book is a good one. "Sons of Africa" is without pictures, "Lives of Eminent Africans" contains several portraits. The idea of preparing special text books for African children is good. It is producing results everywhere. Delafosse's "History of West Africa" (in French), Mary Wood Mackenzie's "Liberian Geography," James L. Sibley's series of text books for Liberian schools, and this book of Miss Gollack's are among the recent efforts. They serve well for this period of transition. Soon, very soon it is to be hoped, they will be replaced by adequate text books by Africans themselves.

Frederick Starr.

4. **Sons of Africa.** Georgina A. Gollack. New York: 1928. Friendship Press. 16 mo., pp. 241. Price $1.50.

5. **Lives of Eminent Africans.** Georgina A. Gollack. New York: 1928. Longmans, Green and Co. 16 mo., pp. vi. 152. Price $1.25.

Holy Land where he has been invited to dedicate the new social service centre in Jerusalem. The dedication will take place on January 31st and Dr. Holmes was selected for the mission of dedication, because of all the liberal ministers of America, he can best strike the universal note of brotherhood and peace consonant with the occasion, for the institution is to be not merely a Zionist Centre, but planned to meet the needs of all the people in Palestine—Jews, Syrians, Turks, Armenians, and Greeks alike. . . .

May I close with the last words of Mr. Holmes' Anniversary Editorial? "UNITY feels no 'mortal mist gathering' on this its fiftieth birthday. Papers, like institutions, have a gift of survival denied to men. As it faces its second half century, it seems to feel new life leaping in its veins. With such years behind, are we not justified in dreaming of greater years ahead? This hour is to us an hour of new consecration."

Abraham Lincoln Centre Year Book (1929).

CHURCH UNITY

At a recent meeting of the Institute of Religion in a four-days session at Buckhill Falls, Penn., a report on ways and means for the consolidation of the Protestant churches of America was presented by a committee headed by Dr. William Adams Brown, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York.

Five reasons were given in the findings of the committee for the unification of the churches, as follows:

1. The need of the world for a forceful and united witness to the great moral and religious verities of our Christian faith.
2. The need of our children and young people for an intelligent and effective Christian education.
3. The wastefulness of our present organization with its needless duplication of machinery and its un-Christian rivalry and competition.
4. The call of the countryside with its many struggling and competing churches and great areas utterly neglected.
5. The challenge of our cities with their teeming populations, the multitude of them wholly out of touch with the work and life of the Church.

The following recommendations were made by the committee regarding what the institute considered obstacles to unity:

1. Denominations of similar type should be encouraged and urged to continue their present efforts of union.
2. That existing agencies of cooperation be strengthened to the point where they not only become consultative but administrative, doing for all the churches the things that can best be done together.
3. That the boards of foreign missions of the various churches immediately consider methods of furthering the unification of their work, which has already reached an advanced stage in many lands.
4. We urge upon those denominations whose view of the Church prevents immediate organic union, the continuation of conferences on the points which divide them and the largest possible cooperation in these practical methods which do not involve the theory of the Church. Such cooperation has been recommended by the highest authorities of both the Anglican and Eastern Orthodox churches, and there seems to be no reason why it should not be immediately effective on a larger scale in the United States.

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

Canada

Persecution of the Doukobors.—The Doukobors were originally a Christian anarchist sect in South Russia. As early as 1792 they refused to serve in the army, and some of them were exiled in Siberia. They were cruelly persecuted under the Tsarist regime. In 1894 they voluntarily divided up all their possessions. Finally 7,000 Doukobors emigrated to Canada assisted by English Quakers and by the money Tolstoy received for "Resurrection."

The International Anti-Militarist Bureau recently received a letter from a Doukobor banished to British Columbia by the Canadian Government. It states that following on the withdrawal of their children from the government schools, a number of peaceful Doukobors have been brutally attacked by the police and many arbitrarily arrested. (Press Service of the International Anti-militaristic Commission, March 15, 1929.)

You will enjoy the poems of passion and prophecy in

CHILDREN OF FIRE and SHADOW

the latest book by

LUCIA TRENT

Author of *Dawn Stars*

Regular Edition, $2.00
De Luxe Edition, $4.00

Robert Packard & Company
Publishers
15 East Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Phone Oakland 489 **JANITORS' SUPPLIES**

Everything in HARDWARE

AT

PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

PATENTS

Protect Your Idea!

Write Freely, sending Data of your Invention, for full advice.
Write for "Proof of Invention" folder mailed free.

TRADE-MARKS REGISTERED

We give genuine personal service.

Established—Experienced Twenty-nine Years

E. E. VROOMAN & CO.
165 Atlas Building
Washington, D. C.

Mention UNITY When Writing

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS
3913 Cottage Grove
Tel. Atlantic 1876

JULY

With its tennis and golf, its motoring and yachting days in the great out doors, makes unusually important the condition of your sports and outing apparel. Quick service, so often a necessity, finds expression here in our dispatch cleansing by the most approved of scientific methods.

Schumann & Co.
Cleaners Dyers

PHONE DREXEL 0231 ALL DEPARTMENTS
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3960 Cottage Grove Avenue